By the Way of the Valley.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL, AUTHOR OF "FOR HONOUR'S SAKE," "WILD BRYONIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

HEARTSEASE IN THE BOSOM.

HOME in the beautiful country, where Dollie could breathe the sweet, piny air, and learn to run about amid the grass and flowers; an opportunity also of intercourse with that wonderful old lady whose life and words, transmitted through the crystal soul of her little charge, had already been so blessed by God in their influence upon Jasmine's heart—that is what Mrs. Alder's offer meant to our heroine.

The situation would not be without grave disadvantages, and of these she was fully aware; the chief being that she knew nothing about domestic duties of any kind. "But," she thought, "I have a pair of eyes and a pair of hands, and I can learn. I must earn my living and Dollie's somehow, and it will never be the worse for me to know as much as I can about everything. It may not be for long, if the poor old lady is in failing health, and then—but I must not think of that. The Friend who has so wonderfully helped me twice will surely not fail me the third time."

So it came about that Jasmine, with her year-old Dollie in her arms—how rich and happy, yes, positively happy, she felt with that precious head, all her own, pressing her breast, and that warm, soft hand tucked confidingly under her chin!—was set down, in the glory of a June sunset, at the tiny cottage which for an indefinite period was to be her home.

Pretty as a picture looked the quaint, gabled lodge, its buff walls, and brown-painted cross-beams, and red-tiled roof, all glowing in a flood of amber light. Roses grew around the porch, geraniums blossomed on the window sills, snowy muslins curtained every sparkling diamond-paned casement, and a spotless old lady, with keen, kind dark eyes set in a strikingly handsome face, came out to welcome Jasmine and her baby with a hearty kiss.

Never did Jasmine forget the first impression of the room that was to be hers—so tiny, but so white, and lavender-scented, and *homey*, with a view from its wee window out over a sweep of undulating park, dotted with velvet-coated Alderney cows, and shaded by many a noble beech and elm.

"Plenty of good milk for the bit girlie," said the old lady, in her pleasant Scottish accent, as Jasmine rejoined her at the neatly-spread supper-table. "Delicate, is she? Please the Lord she'll soon grow strong and bonny in this fine air; it's splendid about here for weakly bairns. Now, sit ye down and eat; I'll tend her!"

"It is just what I could have wished for baby," said Jasmine, her eyes filling as she noted the tender grand-motherly fashion in which the old lady was petting the little one on her knee. "She has never been out of London yet, and it is many months since we were together."

"That's it—that's it!" answered Nursie. "That's just His way. As the old Book itself says, 'My God shall supply *all* your need!'"

And Jasmine's tears overflowed, while her heart was full.

The weeks that followed seemed ever after like some strange and lovely dream. The honey-scent of blooming heather or the spicy smell of pines would bring it all back. Nurse Duncan was too feeble to do much in the house, but she would sit in the sunny porch dandling and playing with the baby all day, while Jasmine swept and dusted, cooked, and washed crockery inside.

Many were the mistakes she made, not a few the small disasters that occurred, and the work, in itself, was not such as she naturally liked. But Jasmine felt so thankful to God for His goodness that she would cheerfully have fulfilled any duty of His appointing; and the evening time when baby clung with soft, warm arms about her neck, nestling and cooing herself to sleep at the sound of mother's voice, made up for all.

A servant of servants! Yes, that was her place. Could ever the proud "great-granddaughter of an earl" have believed that she would willingly—nay, thankfully, come to this? What a different being was Jasmine now from the haughty, vain, undisciplined creature of two years before! But having accepted her rightful rank as the

"So they met . . . and husband and wife were one."
p. 84.

daughter of a King, all earthly distinctions seemed as nothing, and all service dignified that she might render to Him. Besides, Nurse Duncan was a princess in the kingdom of Heaven, so there could be nothing dishonourable in waiting upon her.

"Ye're not used to this work, my dear!" said the old lady one day, imprisoning Jasmine's slender fingers as they laid aside a broom. "That little hand was never made for such rough toil."

Jasmine coloured. "Some day I will tell you all about it," she said. And that same evening in the twilight, as she rocked Dollie to sleep, a few broken sentences revealed the whole sad tale.

"Ay, but it's been a sore time for ye, lassie," said the old lady, tenderly. "The Lord must have been verra near."

There was to Jasmine's ears something so contradictory in the sympathy thus expressed, that involuntarily she raised her drooping head with a look of almost incredulity. "I thought it all happened," she said, "because He *left* me—that He was punishing me for my sins!"

"The trouble came upon ye to fright ye back to Him," said Nurse Duncan. "*Ye* had left *Him*, my dearie, or rather, ye had never been nigh Him, and He wanted you. Ye slapped yere bairnie's hand to-day, the first slap she has ever had, for pulling at the tea-cups."

"I was so afraid she might some day be scalded!" interrupted Jasmine; "but I hated myself while I did it."

"Ay, well, but it's the only way. And ye didna set her down to have her scream out to herself in the farthest corner of the room, but ye comforted her in yere arms, and kissed her more than ever to make up for the slap."

"Why, yes, poor little mite. She was broken-hearted!" And Jasmine gave the darling another hug and kiss at the very thought of it.

"And we're just such puir babes as that to our Father in heaven!" said the old lady, earnestly. "The wisest of us is as foolish in His eyes as a three-years' bairn; none grow to the full stature of His sons and daughters in this world. And slap us sometimes He must. But never think He leaves us in our grief. My dearie, you canna say, if you think upon it, that He ever left you!"

"No—no!" murmured Jasmine. "He has been kind and gracious. All through the worst of it He has been merciful and good."

"One great reason, to my mind, why we are sent into the world as babies, instead of grown men and women—which, of course, would have been as easy to Him," continued Nursie, who was now on her favourite topic—"is that as wee ones we may get a glimpse of what the Father is, in the faces of those who love and care for us, and that by-and-by, as fathers and mothers, we may have in our own feelings of love and tenderness towards our bairnies some faint reflection of the Father-heart above. You'll miss half the blessing of motherhood, my dearie, if you don't learn this."

"It is wonderful!" said Jasmine gazing out over the purple landscape, with wistful eyes—"wonderful and beautiful! I never thought of it in quite this way before."

And the new idea became a new power in her life, strengthening, elevating, and purifying it. Her darling baby thenceforth became a link binding her to her Father in heaven—an angel messenger revealing His great love.

"It is so sweet and peaceful here," she wrote to Nellie; "it seems so calm and holy, in a way, to be living amid all the gentle goings on of Nature, and between two such lovely lives—the age done that seems already touched with the glory of another Land, and the little pure one, fresh from the hand of God—that, though I can never, never *forget*, I think I might be almost happy, were it not for anxiety about you. What do you think of doing, and how are you getting on? If I could only, in one way or another, be of some little comfort to you and poor, dear mother, how glad I should be! I am saving up now, in the hope of being able to afford a journey north before the year is out. Baby sends kisses to dear grandma and auntie, with my love."

To which letter Nellie made answer: "Please don't be unhappy about us, dear Jasmine, for mother is keeping up so beautifully, that it is a joy to see her—I mean, a joy to see what God *can* do for His own people, even in the midst of trouble. But there is another ray of light as well. I am going to open a little school, and have already received so many promises of pupils that I have great hopes it may be a success."

"'Open a school,'" thought Jasmine to herself. "That is more than *I* was fit for. I could do nothing well but read poetry and embroider. How could I ever have been so blind as to think that girl inferior to me!"

"As to wishing you could comfort us, dear," the letter continued, "the very fact that you should *care* to is sweeter than I can say. You have no idea how much mother thinks of it. She is looking forward so to seeing you, and John's dear baby. She said the other day that it is *worth* all you and we with you have gone through to know that it has been the means of bringing you out into the sunlight of the consciousness of God's love. The most untroubled earthly life without Him is darkness and desolation, but in the light of His love all sorrow ends in joy. We are *so* glad for you, and I do think—and it cannot be wrong, I am sure—that God has somehow let our dear one know, that he may be glad too."

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE NEWS.

IT was a soft, golden afternoon in September; the heather and the ling were still blooming. Jasmine slowly threaded a white, sandy path across the common, and a free, sweet wind, warm and honey-scented, came rushing to meet her over the expanse that lay in undulations of lovely pinky-bronze in the westering sunshine.

Dollie was in mother's arms, crowing and flicking the air with a long, grain-bearing stalk of wheat. But she could walk, oh, yes! she had walked that day from mother's to nurse's knee. With a sort of rapture Jasmine gazed into the rosebud face within the shade of its big white bonnet. Such a dear, wee face it was—so perfect in its baby beauty; the dimpling cheeks softly tinted with health, and the great, grey eyes, deeply fringed with brown curved lashes, sparkled with intelligence beneath wilful tendrils of curling golden hair.

"Such a darling as she is!" cried the young mother, with a shower of kisses. "Such a flower, such a diamond-gem!"

Then followed the pang of yearning with which the joy of such moments as these was always touched. Oh, if only *he* could see his baby now!

The narrow sandy path brought the pair out almost opposite the main entrance to Heathermoor, and long before Jasmine reached the lodge she could see that Nurse Duncan stood at the gate, apparently watching for her, as

with one hand shading her eyes she gazed up and down the road; but the level rays of the sun behind Jasmine prevented the old lady from looking in the right direction.

"Ah, here you are!" she said at last, when the footsteps apprised her of the wanderer's approach. "I was wishing you were back. Here's a letter come for you."

"A letter! (There! See Dollie run into the house all by herself!) What an odd time of day for a letter to come! Why, Nursie, it's a *telegram!*"

Full of the undefinable dread which such missives often create, Jasmine, pale to the lips, tore open the yellow envelope.

"Come at once," ran the message. "Strange news. Wright."

Jasmine read it aloud, then sank into the nearest chair with an appealing look at Mrs. Duncan.

"What can it be? What does it mean?" she gasped.

"It may mean—almost anything," replied Nurse, cautiously. "But ye'd best gang up to the house at once, and get leave to gang up to town and see. Ye'll no mind leaving baby with me for a day."

"Get leave!" Jasmine's spirit rose rebelliously at this. She would fain have flung every other consideration to the winds and started off to London that very minute. Yet she must be obedient to the service she had undertaken, and render to her employers their due; but, oh, if it were made impossible for her to go until the next morning!

"'Ye're not used to this work, my dear!'" *p. 82.*

Her patience was not destined to be thus tried, however. Mrs. Alder was accessible, and willing for Mrs. John to leave by the next train. It was but half an hour's walk to Moorside Station, and ere the rosy-amber aureole of light had faded behind the purple western ridge, she was actually upon her way.

But was ever a train so slow! Oh, for wings that would outstrip its heavy wheels, and be *there!* "Strange news! Strange news!" What could it—what might it mean? But, ah—and with what crushing weight did the fact press down upon her soaring spirit!—nothing could ever bring back her husband from the dead.

Arrived at last in London, Jasmine immediately took a cab for Stanley Square. It was past eleven when she reached there, and Mrs. Wright kept early hours; but she soon saw that the hall light at No. 15 was still burning—she was expected.

With wildly beating heart she stood at the familiar door, waiting for admittance. Fear and hope had held alternate possession of her throughout the journey. Now, in a few moments, the doubt would be solved, and hope was fast gaining the ascendency. If the "strange news" had been of evil, surely Mrs. Wright would have better prepared her for the shock; and what bad tidings *could* be coming to her through her former landlady? But still, though apparently urgent, they might be neither sad nor good. Perhaps only some relation of her father had been inquiring for her—how disappointing if it were so!

"Here you are, then, my dear!" cried Mrs. Wright, at that moment, opening the door. "I thought I'd sit up till twelve in case you came to-night. And how well you're looking, to be sure! Come along in and rest yourself!"

"Mrs. Wright," said Jasmine, unable to think of anything else, "what is the news? Why am I here? Please tell me everything at once!"

"Well, my dear, really, I don't know what to tell you," was Mrs. Wright's reply, and to Jasmine's ears her voice trembled with suppressed excitement. "A gentleman—a stranger—called here inquiring for you to-day."

"Who? Who?" interrupted Jasmine, almost devouring Mrs. Wright with her blazing eyes. "What was his name?"

"This is his card," replied the landlady, reaching a slip of paste-board from the mantelpiece.

And with a sudden dampening of her eagerness, Jasmine read the perfectly unfamiliar superscription of "William P. Everfield, M.D., Avenue Gardens, W."

"I don't know him," she said, blankly. "Who is he?"

"He has recently—that is, about a year ago—returned from South America, and—oh, my dear, I'm a bad hand at going round about!—he thinks, perhaps there was a great mistake made at the time of that railway accident, and——"

"John wasn't killed!" cried Jasmine. "He's alive—he's alive, I know it!"

"He was terribly injured, and is even now very weak and ill."

"*Where?* Can I go to him? Can I see him?"

"He is at Dr. Everfield's. (Now, my dear, do! oh, do try and be calm!) He will be expecting you to-morrow. Ah! I was afraid of that!"

For Jasmine had suddenly grown as calm as anyone could wish—she had fainted away.

How our little Mrs. John lived through that succeeding night, she never knew. She did not attempt to go to bed, she did not even take off her clothes. It was a soft, wild night, full of the sweeping freedom of a mild western gale, and she sat at the open window throughout its starlit

watches, pouring out wordless thanks and praise to Him who, as it seemed, had worked a miracle on her behalf; or paced the floor with silent feet as a relief to her keen excitement. Ah, when would those long hours pass? If she could have but flown to him on the broad wings of that swift rushing wind!

But in the early morning, wearied out, she lay down and went to sleep, waking some hours later, calmed and refreshed, and fit for the interview.

The meeting between the long-severed husband and wife was, outwardly, a very tame affair.

Jasmine was seen first of all by Dr. Everfield, and she immediately recognised him as the companion of the gentleman, so strangely like her husband, whom she had caught sight of at Tonbridge railway station many months before. And, that the invalid might not be wearied with questioning, Dr. Everfield very briefly explained to her at once the facts of the case.

John Chesney was one of the more seriously injured of the survivors of the Santa Julia disaster. For weeks he lay between life and death, unable to give any account of himself; and when, at length, bodily health was restored, it seemed that some permanent damage had been inflicted on the brain, for total loss of memory and threatening imbecility was the result.

While still in the Santa Julia hospital, however, he was seen by an English physician—Dr. Everfield—who was so greatly interested in the case that he brought the young man to England with him, and during a period of several months resorted unsuccessfully to many remedies which he hoped might effect a cure. Since his admission to the hospital and up to this time Chesney had been known as Joseph Chatt, but after taking a great deal of trouble to discover the supposed relatives of the invalid, these declared that they had never seen the man before. An operation, as the last resource, having, however, been performed, Dr. Everfield was delighted to find memory and reason returning, and in due course his *protégé* was able to tell his name, and furnish the addresses of both mother and wife. Later on—but this was subsequent to being seen by his friends—John was able to explain that the error in his identity doubtless arose from the fact that he had, an hour or so before the accident, lent his great-coat to a fellow-passenger who was shivering with incipient malaria, forgetful of sundry papers which the pocket contained, and on which, owing to the fact that Mr. Chesney's pocket-book, etc., like the smaller belongings of others of the injured, had been stolen from his person by some dastardly miscreant while he lay insensible, the supposition as to his identity was chiefly based. The similarity of the other victim's initials likewise aided the mistake, and a rough description of the dead man's personal appearance tallied sufficiently well with that of Messrs. Sharp and Brightmore's representative, though in reality the two men resembled one another but very slightly, to satisfy the firm that this was he.

And so they met; almost in silence, for the dangers of excitement to the semi-convalescent were still great. A look, a kiss, a hand-clasp that loosened not for hours, and the husband and wife were one—one as they had never been before—

"Soul to soul, as hand to hand,"

never to be severed more while this life should last.

* * * * * *

But Nellie, and her mother, and the baby, and the fortune? I seem to hear voices ask.

Well, it was a lovely time—a time such as rarely is vouchsafed to any of us this side of the Golden Gate—when they all met together at Willowbrook Chalet once more. The old lady was especially radiant, for her prayers for her son's wife had been wonderfully answered, and she had been delivered from all her fears. Like Simeon of old, she was ready to say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The only shadow on their joy was that cast by the recent death of Nurse Duncan, for whom the summons came rather suddenly a few weeks after the re-union of Jasmine and John. But it was a shadow with more than a silver lining.

Mr. Chesney's claim to the fortune left by his great-grand-uncle was so clear as to admit of no dispute. His namesake resigned it with good grace, and, in acknowledgment, a very substantial proportion of it was pressed, as a gift, on his acceptance. After this, the first thing John did upon entering the enjoyment of his wealth, was to make generous provision for good Mrs. Wright, with whose life as lodging-house keeper their experiences, sad and glad, had been so intimately associated.

Other plans—and they are many—which the young pair are forming for the employment of their riches, must be left for time and the strengthening of John's health to reveal. Suffice it to say that these are such as are most likely to bring blessing, and to add no sorrow therewith. For the one who, a year or two earlier, might have been harmed by such sudden affluence, has learned the sweet lesson of the Valley of Humility, that

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

THE END.

*** *Our next number will contain the opening chapters of a* NEW SERIAL STORY, *entitled* "UNDER THE BLOSSOM," *specially written for our pages by* MARGARET S. HAYCRAFT. *An Original Illustration, drawn by* FLORENCE REASON, *will accompany each instalment of the story.*

A CRADLE SONG.

NOW angels guard thee tenderly,
Sleep, happy little one!
Thy Lord was once a babe like thee,
Though heaven is His throne;
Thy Lord who never can forget,
He loves His little children yet.

Though war await thee in this life,
Sleep, happy little one!
Thy Lord shall arm thee for the strife,
The victory He hath won.
No foe can stand before His sword;
Sleep, little soldier of the Lord!

Though fiercest storms must o'er thee sweep,
Sleep, happy little one!
Thy Lord thy trembling soul shall keep,
Thou shalt not be alone:
Forever His, thou shalt be blest,
Till thou shalt enter into rest.

A GROWING LIFE: DORCAS AND HER MINISTRY.

BY ANNIE E. LYDDON.

IN a few descriptive words there is set before us in the Acts of the Apostles an outline sketch of character which, slight though it is, is worthy of something more than a mere passing glance. If we look into it with attention, we shall see that it is full of interest, and that it also contains many practical and suggestive thoughts.

We all admire genius, but we love virtue; and this narrative of simple, unaffected goodness has a charm which neither time nor fashion can impair.

Dorcas, the subject of our sketch, is essentially a "heart woman"—one who attracts us not by her intellectual powers or commanding abilities, but who wins our esteem by the irresistible force of an unselfish and beautiful life.

I picture her to myself as a woman of mature years, with a sweet, serious face, and of gentle, dignified demeanour, one who by her sympathetic nature and womanly tact was admirably fitted for the special sphere of usefulness which she occupied. Perhaps, in her earlier years, Dorcas may have passed through some deep experience—some trouble or disappointment, which opened her eyes to see the needs of others, and taught her the rare and Christ-like art of comforting the sorrowful.

For grief is oft-times the schoolmaster that leads us to Christ, and preparedness for higher and more efficient service has been the reward of many who have been baptised with the fiery baptism of pain.

It seems reasonable to assume that Dorcas was of good birth and education, with wealth, or, at all events, some means at her disposal; that she was rich in good works and loving deeds we have ample testimony. In the seaport town of Joppa where she lived, there were doubtless many poor folk, distressed in mind, body, or estate, to whom the ministrations of this devoted woman must have been of infinite comfort and solace.

Having first given herself to the Lord, her life was henceforward consecrate to helpful deeds and gracious uses.

The Ministry of Dorcas.

That she was happy in her work we cannot doubt; for self-sacrifice for the good of others brings with it a joy which is more than compensation for loss and pain endured.

Yet I think there must, sometimes, have been a pain in that brave heart, and tears beneath those shining eyes—"tears from the depth of some divine despair," as, gazing upon the sin and misery which surrounded her, she realised the magnitude of the work and her own utter helplessness to overcome the difficulties in the way. But it is ever a blessed thing when we recognise our weakness in such a way that we cling more closely to Him who is our strength.

Like many a Christian worker of to-day, I doubt not that Dorcas often sighed in secret over unfulfilled hopes and frustrated designs; thinking sorrowfully, perhaps, that much of her labour was in vain. But who can measure or estimate the value of a holy life? It is a beam from the Sun of Righteousness, a breath from the Eternal Spirit; and the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the sunlight filters downward into every dark nook and cranny, till the sombre earth is illumined with beauty, and seems "bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The work to which Dorcas devoted her energies may seem to some of us commonplace and uninteresting; there was probably no publicity attached to it—little would be known of the worker or her work beyond the immediate circle in which she moved. But the service of God, which is the service of those among whom He has sent us, is often fulfilled in the highest sense by those who, in positions of comparative obscurity, recognise the responsibilities laid upon them, and seek to do the work that lies close to their hands. Few are required or fitted to perform "heroic" actions, but the daily duties which fall to our lot, and the daily sacrifices to which we are called, may all be ennobled by a sweet and gracious spirit.

Dorcas was eminently practical in her philanthropy. She thought much, we may be sure, of the needs of the people; she planned, and considered, and theorised as to the best methods of imparting help; but she did not stop at this point. "The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest," and Dorcas was "full of good works and alms deeds which she *did*."

Disciples of Christ must reproduce the compassion and sympathy of their Master. With Jesus the heart always moved the hand, and throughout His earthly life the sight of misery, need, or wretchedness of any kind always awakened within Him the impulse to heal and save.

It is a thought at once solemn and true, that if we suffer our feelings of compassion merely to evaporate in sentiment, and do not forthwith proceed to action, we shall in time cease even to feel in any real sense for the sorrows and woes of others. The external and material is the gateway to the inward and spiritual. And while the busy hands of Dorcas were shaping and sewing the garments which were to clothe her destitute neighbours, her heart doubtless would often be devising means whereby the careless and sinful might be aroused to their more pressing need of the robe of Christ's righteousness.

Though a "Sister of Mercy" in the deepest and most real sense of the term, Dorcas was no recluse or nun. The spectacle of a pure and gracious life lived in this work-a-day world will ever be a more convincing argument than a cramped, shadowy existence hidden away behind stone walls. We are enjoined to show "mercy with cheerfulness," not in cowl of sorrow, or garments of desolation. *Grace* as well as truth came by Jesus Christ, and what has been divinely joined together it is not for man to put asunder.

During her years of self-denying labour, Dorcas was successful in winning the confidence and affection of those to whom she ministered. And when at length sickness and death came to her, as it comes to all, the weeping women who owed so much to her thoughtful kindness, exhibited with pathetic pride, as tangible evidences of her care for them, the garments which Dorcas had made for their use. Of her miraculous restoration to life we need not now speak particularly, though it seems to have been blessed in a remarkable way. Concerning this, the writer of the narrative says: "It was known throughout all Joppa, and many believed on the Lord."

A life spent in earnest, loving effort for the good of others must needs be a growing life. "We are served ourselves by every sense of service which we render," and there is a divine system of arithmetic by which subtraction becomes addition, and division is changed into multiplication. The secret of a useful, happy life is not always with the talented or the great.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

It is love alone, the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, that prepares us to bless and gladden the world about us.

Christ has left us an example that we should follow His steps. The whole of His earthly life, "from the mean manger to the bitter cross," was an unbroken chain of loving, self-sacrificing service.

Hearts live in hearts, and those that dwell nearest to the great Heart of Love will open most widely to the needs of others. Thus only can they prove their relationship to the Most High, for the gates of that Heart are not shut at all by day.

No Rest at Home.—No woman can rest thoroughly in her own home with her work ever before her eyes; involuntarily she carries the details of baking and of brewing in her mind, and in consequence is nearly as tired as if she had actually done the work. Let her go away to rest even if to a place not as comfortable as home, where she can eat a dinner she did not cook, sleep in a bed she did not make, and forget her weariness in other people's cares and pleasures. Thousands of bottles of patent medicine are swallowed by home-keeping women who had much better have spent the same money in railway fares and sight-seeing. To get away from herself is the main wish of the nervous, tired-out woman, and this can only be achieved by complete change, which is as indispensable to the mind as a varied diet is to the body. To see how other people live suggests new ways of doing things, and makes one contented with much that before seemed irksome.

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The Infants' Magazine for June (S. W. Partridge & Co.) is a treasury of delightful pictures and verses for the little ones. Its contents include "Little Trespassers," "The Joys of Summer," "A Game at See-Saw," "A Tiresome Lesson," "Down by the Sea," etc. Of all booksellers, price 1d. A specimen copy of the magazine will be sent to any address on receipt of a penny stamp.

THE VALUE OF COURTESY.

BY SUSAN T. PERRY.

"I HAD been standing in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city for some time," said a lady. "It seemed as if I never could summon up courage enough to risk my life in trying to get to the other side, and yet it was necessary for me to do so. The attempt seemed the more appalling because I lived in a quiet town and was a stranger in the city. I must have had an appealing look in my face, for a young man coming towards me looked up, and said: 'May I assist you to the other side, madam?' I walked over under his protection, thanking him warmly, while telling him that I was a stranger and consequently timid; and he replied cheerily: 'That is the way my mother always feels when she comes from the country to visit me.' What a happy mother that young man's must be! I thought, as he bade me 'good afternoon,' and hurriedly recrossed to join the crowd on the other side. He had such a pleasant face and such a kindly manner. I shall never forget his act of courtesy, though probably I may never meet him in this world again."

A lady was standing in a tramcar not long since. She was not of sufficiently advanced age to be classed with "elderly women," but she was one of the weary, middle-aged ones, whose life is full of wear and tear. She was trying to hold on to the strap with an injured arm, when a young girl got up and said in a sweet tone of voice: "Take my seat, please." The lady replied: "No, dear; I do not wish you to give up your seat." "But I am younger and stronger than you are, and I insist upon it," she replied. The lady was so grateful that she could not half express the love there was in her heart for this stranger.

It is quite probable that these two will never meet again, but the face of that young girl is one of the sweetest pictures that hang on memory's wall in that weary woman's heart. And such little courtesies as these make life easier and brighter.

There are a great many "little things" in life that bring either happiness or misery. The thoughtlessness that will cause some loved one away from home to neglect to write to friends for an unusual length of time, is a source of worry, and clouds the happiness of the family at home. A little matter which has been a grievance, and has passed, is often talked about and dwelt upon in the home, and thereby brings discomfort and irritation. A word of detriment spoken against some one of whom words of commendation have just been said, casts a shadow over the character of the subject, and oftentimes a lifelong prejudice is formed in consequence.

Words with stings in them about this or that, thrown out to one and another coming in or going out of the home, destroy the peace or joy of that circle. Words of cynicism and coldness spoken when some one has done the best to please us are unjust, and rankle in the heart. Why is it that it is so much more natural with some of us to find fault than to encourage?

We who are older, and who stop to look back over our lives, find so many places where we might have made the situation much pleasanter. We made too much of the things that mar and too little of the things that make. There is no danger of our being too kind and considerate of each other. "Love never faileth."

Professor Drummond says: "I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so superbly honourable as love."

ABOUT JAPANESE CHILDREN.

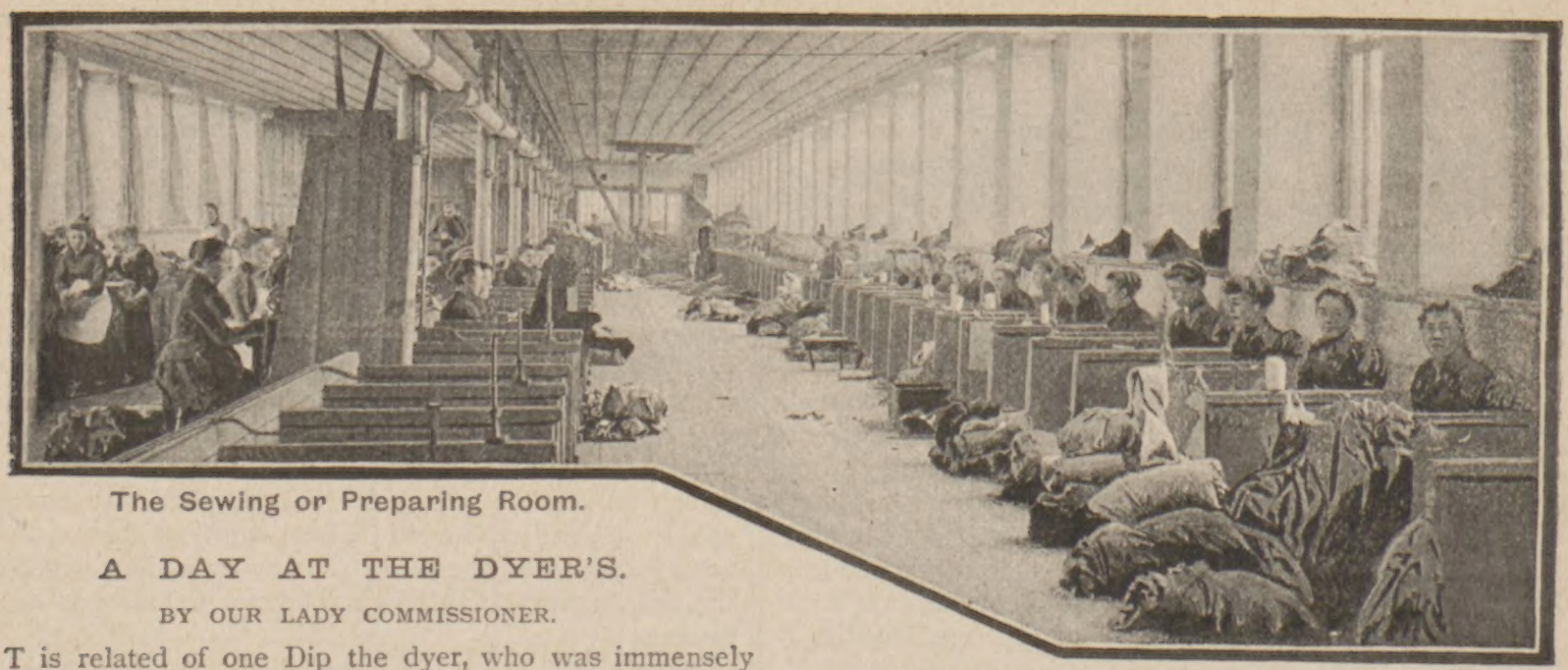
IT has often been said that the Japanese are the most interesting, the strangest, even the quaintest people we know. In no regard is this truer than in the care they take of their babies. It is known probably to every reading person that Japan, like all Oriental lands, is, for obvious reasons, furnitureless. It does not even know the cradle. As Diogenes made a cup of his hollowed hand, so the Japanese mother makes a cradle of the back of an older child—an ambulating, delightful cradle, where it stays from morning to night, and is unrythmically rocked according to the chances and sports which the day offers to its patient and loving victim.

There is a singular difference between the carriage of Japanese children and the way in which our children move about. The Japanese urchin, whose feet never knew the unkind pressure of tight shoes, or, in fact, any pressure at all, walks more erect, and is more sure-footed. In fair weather he wears flat straw sandals, in which the big toe is widely separated from the others, giving the child a surer foundation. In wet weather he must maintain his equilibrium on his stilt-like wooden clogs, which keep his feet dry, and at the same time compel him to acquire an extraordinary power over his own motions.

There is in Japan no kissing, not even in the nursery. All the dangers which were so eloquently described in our newspapers some time ago, arising from the touch of lips, are avoided by the national aversion for libial contact. When she loses a child, the Japanese mother does not wring her hands and look up to heaven; she sits with folded hands, sunken head, her eyes looking into her lap. Japanese grief has been very eloquently described by my colleague in Japan, Professor Wernich. He says:—

"However often I have witnessed the death of dear relatives—children, for instance, or husbands—I never had occasion to observe the wringing of hands, to which European women of the lower classes are so much addicted. A bitter sorrow was expressed through deep sinking of the head, grasping the hands together, and shedding of tears. That strong mental agony which digs into the soul, as it were, and so takes hold of it like a bodily pain, seems to be unknown to them. They never 'turn to heaven their faces bathed in tears,' an action which to us seems not only natural and in perfect accord with the essence of grief, but is regarded as beautiful and as a worthy subject for artistic representation. In prayers, the Japanese mother does not lift her eyes to heaven; with bent head, the body somewhat shrunk together, with hands put together by the palms and slightly raised to the level of the head, she sends her humble prayer—for quite concrete things, you may be sure—to Buddha."

G. ASHMEAD.



The Sewing or Preparing Room.

A DAY AT THE DYER'S.

BY OUR LADY COMMISSIONER.

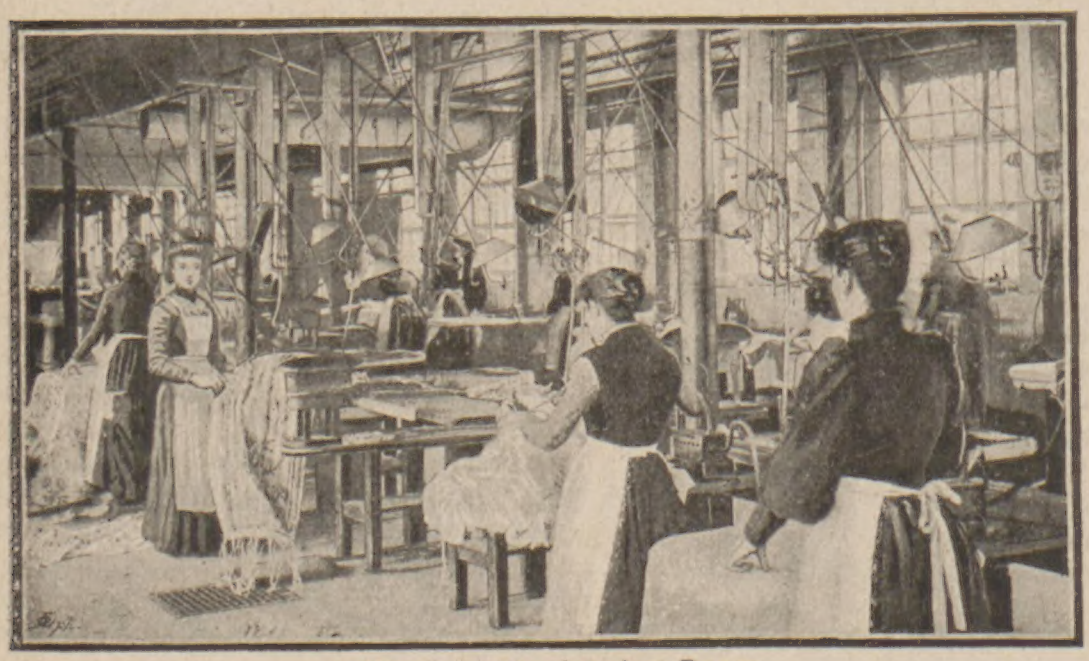
IT is related of one Dip the dyer, who was immensely absorbed in his occupation, that when he paid his attentions to a certain young lady, he could only stammer out, "Madam, I—I—*dye* for you!"

Standing, by kind invitation, in Messrs. P. and P. Campbell's famous dye-works at Perth the other day, the old witticism quite unexpectedly flashed into my mind, and evoked a smile; still, I could not help thinking later, that if our friend Dip had been occupied with a tithe of the marvellous processes of dyeing as now carried on, it was no wonder that he made so peculiar a slip on going a-courting. For I can assure my readers that a visit to a dyeing and cleaning works is full of extreme interest—at least, I found it so. Of course, I can touch on only a few of the features; so we will imagine ourselves within the building, and commence by a peep into the sewing-room, as illustrated above.

After the articles to be dyed or cleaned have been collected, they are brought to "The Perth Dye Works," where they go first into this sewing-room. The department is a long, narrow room, well lighted and thoroughly clean, and the girls are seated in stalls partitioned off to prevent the various pieces of work from becoming mixed. Here each individual piece belonging to a garment, of whatever kind it may be, is marked with letters which, to the uninitiated, are hieroglyphics, but as the corresponding numbers are put down on sheets of paper, one is not long in understanding their value in enabling the workers to match them again after they have gone through the dyeing or cleaning process. Not only are the goods marked here, but the different pieces of each garment are all sewn together, a good deal of the sewing being done by special machines. A feature in this room is the joining together of curtains in one long, continuous string, when they are afterwards rolled up into bundles of ten pairs, two of which make up a "washing."

From this room we follow the goods to be cleaned downstairs into a washing-house, which, with its formidable machines and busy workers, seems to render the process of washing a wonderfully simple affair. One is intensely interested in watching the endless strings of curtains passing round on huge cylinders, where as many as forty pairs are washed in twenty-five minutes without being once touched by the hand! From the cylinder we see them pass into the boiler, and from that into a series of boxes, where they are first rinsed, then blued, then rinsed again, and finally bleached before going into a most wonderful machine, which in an incredibly short space of time extracts the water from the articles inside. They are then passed to the starcher, and finally put through another cylinder, which squeezes out the superfluous starch.

But we must not suppose that all goods are thus easily cleansed. From the common washing-house, the visitor is conducted to the French cleaners' department, where a totally different method prevails. The French or dry cleaning consists in rotating in huge cylinders the articles, which are enclosed in air-tight boxes containing benzine.



At Work in the Ironing Room.

After seeing this, we return to the dye-works, where we visit the general drying-room for goods washed by the ordinary process. Here we see miles of curtains being stretched on frames, which are slipped by machinery into hot chambers, and then taken out perfectly dry in three minutes! Do not, however, imagine that they are finished. We shall meet them again a short time hence in the glazing room, where the majority of them are glazed in a few minutes on cylinders; the more delicate ones being carefully ironed by

In the Chintz Glazing Room.

hand. Then we must not forget to notice the druggets, chintzes, and such-like goods, which are here being glazed in a most curious fashion by a machine containing a pebble in the end.

The smaller things, such as parasols, small tidies, table-covers, shawls, and innumerable other household articles, we notice are all hung on stretchers, and submitted to a very strong draught of fresh air to dry them before being put into the ironing-room. Here each worker has his or her special table and iron, which iron is a decided improvement on our domestic one. It is heated by gas, and by an ingenious contrivance the jet of gas is blown downwards, thus preventing any discomfort to the hand of the manipulator. For heavier goods, such as gentlemen's clothes, the iron can be wielded by the foot of the worker in a way similar to that in which we move a sewing machine, and both hands used to guide the work. In this room, too, is a hot chamber, where the goods are hung on stretchers as they leave the ironers' hands, and one can scarcely credit that the elegant and prettily-coloured goods are the same shabby-looking articles we met with at the commencement of our travels.

Goods which are to be dyed are taken downstairs to the dye-house, where first of all they are thoroughly cleaned. Those which are to be dyed black need no further preparation before being put into the dye vat, but those destined for any other colour must first have all traces of the former colour removed, which accounts for the strange fact that we can have not only light articles transformed into dark ones, but also dark ones into light. The workers in the dye-house are all men, and very curious they look with their black, red, blue, or yellow hands.

From the dye-house, goods are passed into drying-rooms similar to those already seen in connection with the cleaning process, before being taken to the examining-room. At the end of this room the goods are examined by competent judges to make sure that there is no flaw or inequality of tint in any part of them. They are then forwarded to the picking-out department, where the machine-stitches, etc., are picked

A Peep at the Dye-house.

out, and, if desired by the owner, gowns are passed to the dressmakers, gentlemen's garments to tailors, and household articles to upholsterers, by whose skilled fingers they are quickly restored to their original form.

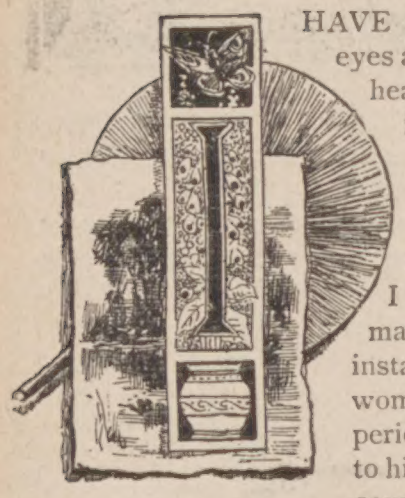
After having watched for some time the work going on in the finishing department, we go downstairs again to the packing-room, where we meet once more the hieroglyphics which took our fancy earlier. The sheets containing the numbers corresponding to those on the goods have been sent down here, and are pasted into large books, and girls and women are busily picking out and placing together the various bits belonging to each article. Here one is amused at the miscellaneous collection which fills the long tables in the vast room, for it would be easier to enumerate the articles which are not here than those which are.

But time warns us that we must not linger. As we prepare to leave the works, full of wonder at the many interesting processes that have been so courteously and patiently explained to us, we feel that we shall not soon forget all we have seen during our pleasant day at the dyer's.

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON EVERYDAY NURSING.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," "ABOUT OUR FOOD," ETC.

VI.—Everyday Remedies.



HAVE said that the nurse should be all eyes and ears, so that she may see and hear all that is going on and all that is needed. She must also be able to use her hands cleverly and quickly, and bring a certain amount of brain to bear upon the work she is doing.

I suppose everyone thinks she can make a Linseed Poultice, for instance, and yet comparatively few women who have not had great experience in the sick-room can manage to hit the happy medium between thick soup and dog's biscuit! Let me tell you how to do it, so that there shall be no chance at all about it. Warm your basin and warm your knife (no spoon, please!). Pour boiling water into the basin, and then put in the linseed meal with your left hand as if you were making porridge, beating it up with the knife meanwhile. When it is thick enough to cut, spread it about half an inch thick on a piece of muslin or linen, but don't wrap it up in it. Put a little olive oil or lard on the surface of the meal, and place it *next to the skin*. Of course, the muslin must be larger than the poultice, so that it can be just turned over the edges to prevent the meal dropping about as it dries.

A Jacket Poultice is the best arrangement for the chest or back, I think, and I always keep the linen or muslin ready in my cupboard. Get two pieces of old soft material and sew tapes on at the four corners, allowing for the edges to be turned over the meal. You can put your poultice on these, and tie them round the body so that they do not move an inch. When you take off a linseed poultice, put a piece of cotton wool in its place, and when the patient gets about again, sew the cotton wool to a piece of brown paper; it is a splendid chest preserver, and he can wear it till it gradually drops to pieces.

One tablespoonful of mustard may be added to five or six of meal for adults, and one to eight or nine for children. After long poulticing this must be left out and the linseed alone used. By-the-by, don't buy "linseed meal," but "crushed linseed;" it contains more oil.

One more word. The merits of linseed poultices and fomentations lie most in their heat. Mind that they are always hot, then; but don't torture your patient by scalding him, and in the case of a child always test the poultice by laying it on your cheek. If you can bear it pressed against the face, you may safely apply it, not otherwise. All such remedies, remember, are weakening, and also by opening the pores of the skin, render the patient more susceptible to cold; they should not, then, be needlessly used, and great care must be taken that no risk is run afterwards; hence the merits of cotton wool.

Bread Poultices can be made in two ways. Take half a pint of boiling water and pour it over some bread-crumbs, stir until a soft pulp, then spread it about half an inch thick over a piece of linen or flannel and apply it next the skin. A few drops of laudanum can be poured over if the pain is great, but I would not advise your doing this without the doctor's orders. What you may safely do is to put a few drops of olive oil or a little cold cream over the bread; this will prevent it sticking to the skin after the aggravating manner of bread poultices.

Another way of setting to work is to prepare the necessary quantity of bread-crumbs, and stir them into the boiling water as you would linseed. Cover up with a plate, and put it close to the fire or in a saucepan of boiling water for five minutes to swell, then apply it in the usual way.

A Toast Poultice is an old-fashioned remedy, but like many other old-fashioned things, it is very good. Have ready some boiling vinegar. Toast a thick piece of bread, soak it in the vinegar, and apply next the skin. This is an efficacious remedy, but being a severe one, should not be applied to children.

Mustard Leaves have pretty nearly taken the place of mustard plasters, and, on the whole, I think they are cleaner and nicer. Don't put them next the skin though, but lay a piece of clean blotting or tissue paper between. A mustard plaster should be mixed with tepid water, and spread on rag or brown paper in the same way, with blotting paper over. Neither leaves nor plaster should be left on longer than from ten to twenty minutes for adults, and from five to ten for children. Have a piece of soft linen spread with cold cream ready to take the place of the plaster, and put a layer of cotton wool over that.

A Fomentation, or Stoop, as it is sometimes called, is a most useful remedy in sudden and critical cases of internal inflammation, etc., and every woman should know how to make one. If you have time to prepare, get two walking-sticks or a broom handle cut in half, and fasten them to the two ends of a towel; this makes a wringing machine. Lay this over a big bowl or hand-basin. Fold a piece of coarse flannel two or three yards long into the necessary size, and lay it on the top of the wringer. Pour plenty of boiling water over the flannel, then seize the two sticks and wring the whole as dry as you can by twisting them in opposite directions. Shake out the flannel quickly, and apply

lightly, covering with oil silk, mackintosh, or spongiopoline; or if you haven't any of these at hand, use a sheet carefully folded to protect the bed-clothes from damp.

Turpentine or laudanum is generally sprinkled over the flannel before applying it. You should be careful to have a second flannel ready to put on, before you take the first off. If you have not time to make a proper wringer, you can manage almost as well by putting the flannel in the towel, and wringing it across the back of a common chair. Any goose can do things well when she has everything that is necessary, but it needs a wise woman, with her head screwed on the right way, to be able to do all that is wanted *in a hurry*, and without the proper tools.

Let me repeat a caution I gave you before. Fomentations and poultices make the skin tender, therefore your patient will not be able to bear a series of them at the same temperature; number six must necessarily be cooler than number one.

Ice.—Extremes meet in the sick-room as well as elsewhere. You may be scalding your fingers to-day with turpentine stoops, and to-morrow you may be freezing them with ice-bags, so you need to know how to make both. Ice can be cut very easily if you only know how to do it. Get a sharp darning needle, put the point on the ice, and tap it lightly with a hammer—it splits instantly. Supposing your patient is so ill that he cannot bear even that slight noise, put the ice in a cloth in the palm of your hand before you break it.

Ice-Bags.—When ice-bags are ordered, it is well to make a good supply of them. If they are wanted in a hurry you must use what you can get—a bladder or a piece of mackintosh at first, but if you are near a chemist's you can soon substitute a light and clean ice-bag. This is the way to make it:—

Cut a piece of gold-beaters' skin the necessary size, dip a paint-brush into some chloroform, and pass it quickly along the edges, leaving one side open, of course, to put the ice in. It will stick together instantly; double it over like a hem to make it quite water-tight, and stick down with chloroform. There you have a light, clean, and neat bag, and you can make half-a-dozen at a time if you like. When you want to apply a new one, put the ice in, chloroform the mouth down, and don't forget to put a piece of lint or flannel between the patient's skin and the bag. Intense cold hurts just as much as intense heat. That reminds me that hot-water bottles of any kind, whether stone, tin, or india-rubber, should not touch the patient without having a wrap round them.

Croton Oil is sometimes used as an irritant instead of mustard plasters, so I may as well tell you how to use it, but I would advise you to wait first for doctor's orders.

Supposing a patient has caught a chill in his lungs, and the medical man sends you Croton oil liniment. Rub the surface of the skin first with a piece of flannel till it looks red. Take up one or two drops of the oil on a rag instantly, and cover over the reddened spot. Do this every four or six hours till small red pimples begin to appear. You must remember that the object of this treatment is to bring the irritation outside, so you must not put on olive oil or cold cream, or do anything to stop the burning; all that you can do is to put a soft handkerchief over the place and cheer your patient up, and do anything you can to make him think of other and brighter things.

WHAT TO DO WITH STALE BREAD.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AND WIVES," ETC.

WHY should mothers who are in the habit of looking well after the ways of their households, be ashamed of their own careful contrivances for using scraps and fragments to the best advantage? The skill which enables them to do this is an accomplishment of which they have reason to be proud; it has been acquired through the cheerful and honest endeavour to do their duty, and it is a household force which is likely to help to build up the family fortunes.

One of the small ways in which this force is manifested, is the wise utilisation of stale bread. In every household, no matter how well managed, there are frequently to be found slices of bread that have been cut, but not used—ends of loaves, scraps, and broken pieces of bread. If these are thrown about and allowed to become dirty, they must be burnt, and this will cause "wicked waste." When stale bread is properly cared for, there is no need for a single ounce to be wasted, because many delicious dishes can be made of it.

Stale bread may be divided into two classes. Class I. consists of substantial pieces and ends of loaves; Class II., of broken and irregular fragments. Here are suggestions for the utilisation of both.

Croutons of Bread.

Thin slices of stale bread cut into fancy shapes and fried till crisp without being hard are a delicious addition to stews, hashes, and similar preparations with which good gravy is served. They are far superior to the "sippets" made by toasting stale bread, and cutting it into triangles. To make croutons properly, it is important that they should not be too thick, and also that they should be fried in a deep pan in enough fat to float several slices; also that this fat should be hot (so hot that it is still) before the bread is lowered into it. As soon as they are brown, which they will be in less than a minute, they should be taken up and laid immediately on kitchen paper to drain. If they are allowed to go cold with the fat inside they will be greasy. If they are drained as they ought to be, and if the fat used was hot, they will not be so in the least. They can be used either hot or cold, but are most crisp when hot. If cold, they can be made hot by putting them in the oven for a few minutes on blotting paper. When they are used for garnishing mince, hash, or spinach, it is a good plan to solder them to the dish with white of egg.

Bread Puddings.

A great many people have a strong prejudice against bread pudding. No sooner do they hear the name mentioned than they say "No, thank you," and refuse to taste the dish. Their objection is probably founded on the recollection of bread pudding that was stodgy and stiff with too much bread. When daintily prepared, pudding made with bread is excellent; but it should never be called bread pudding. Some other name should be given to it to disarm prejudice. The following puddings will be found excellent:—

Queen of Puddings.—Take stale crumb of bread and rub it over a wire sieve till half a pint of fine, even crumbs have been obtained. Put these into a bowl, and pour on

them a pint of boiling milk. Add the grated rind of a lemon, three ounces of castor sugar, an ounce of butter, and two yolks of eggs well beaten. Turn the preparation into a well-greased pie-dish, and bake in a good oven till the pudding is set and well browned. Put the whites of the two eggs into a bowl, and whisk them to a stiff froth. Sift a tablespoonful of castor sugar lightly over them after they are whisked, and spread the méringue over the pudding. Set the dish again in the oven for a few minutes, till the icing is lightly coloured, and serve. If liked, a little good jam or fruit jelly can be spread over the pudding before the icing is laid on it. Cold cream or cream sauce is excellent with this dish.

Baked Cabinet Pudding.—Butter the inside of a shallow dish well, then three parts fill it with layers of rather thin bread-and-butter, interspersed with one penny sponge biscuit broken up. Make a custard with as much milk as will fill the dish, boiling the milk with thin lemon rind or stick cinnamon. Sweeten it well, and allow two eggs for a pint of milk. Pour the custard gradually over the bread, and let it soak for half an hour. Bake in a moderate oven, and when the pudding looks done, pass a knife between it and the dish to ascertain if it is firm. If it is, take it out; let it stand three or four minutes that it may shrink, then turn it out carefully. Put a little jam, made hot, on the top, and pile four-pennyworth of whipped cream on this.

Grandmother's Savoury Pudding. (To be eaten with hot roast goose, roast pork, or roast beef.)—Take fragments of stale bread and break them into small pieces, as many as will fill a pint basin. Pour on as much boiling milk as the bread will take up, and soak till the bread is quite soft. Beat well with a fork, and remove any lumps that will not soften. Add four moderate-sized onions, boiled and chopped small, four tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, a tablespoonful of powdered sage, a tablespoonful of oatmeal, plenty of pepper and salt. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, add two well-beaten eggs. The pudding should be of the consistency of thick batter. Pour it into a well-greased dripping tin; it should be a little more than half an inch thick. Bake either under the meat or in a brisk oven till firm and brown. Let it cool a minute or two, cut it into squares, and take these up with a slice. Serve on a hot dish. A pudding made with these quantities will probably need to bake for rather more than an hour. It is almost sure to be liked by the children, of whose diet puddings should certainly form a large share.

Cream Toast for Invalids.

This dish is nourishing and easy of digestion, and it looks tempting. Cut stale, light bread into slices, and stamp into three rounds, removing all the crust. Toast on both sides, and avoid burning. Butter well while hot, put the rounds one upon another in a deep china or silver dish that will stand heat and can be sent to table, and sprinkle each round liberally with salt. Pour on boiling milk to cover the toast freely; put the lid on the dish, and set it in the oven for a few minutes until the milk is absorbed. Take it out of the oven, raise the rounds carefully, and put a tablespoonful of cream on each; salt again, cover closely, and return to the oven for ten minutes. Serve immediately.

A very profitable way of using scraps and broken pieces of bread is to dry them in a cool oven, crush them to dust, pass them through a fine sieve to make them quite even, and put them away for "breading" portions of meat that have been egged and are to be fried, and also for garnishing various dishes, etc. When preparing crumbs in this way, many people dry crust and crumb together. It is much wiser to keep them apart—to cut the crumb from the crust, and to dry the two portions separately, being careful not to let the crumb acquire any colour. The crusts, after being crumbled and sifted, can be used for raspings to sprinkle over foods not sufficiently browned in cooking. The crumbs can be kept for "egging and breading" purposes, or for making forcemeat. If properly dried, they will keep a long time.

Fried Bread Crumbs are used as an accompaniment to roast game. A simple way of preparing them is to melt a little butter in a tin, stir the crumbs into it, then bake them till crisp in a gentle oven. They will need to be turned over with a knife once or twice whilst they are browning; and when done they should be carefully drained. If they are to be eaten with game they should be well seasoned with salt and cayenne, and may either be put in little heaps round the dish with the birds, or handed round separately.

When a good many broken pieces of bread are made in the household, it is advisable to have a thin muslin bag, hang it in a dry situation, and drop into it as they accumulate, pieces that are not fit for puddings or for croutons. These pieces will soon become dry enough to be crushed and sifted without needing to be put in the oven, and they can be prepared as they are needed. It is a mistake to put pieces of this kind into the bread pan. They make the pan fusty, and they may be forgotten and wasted.

BEAUTIFUL LIVES.

HOW beautiful our lives may be! how bright
In privilege! how fruitful of delight!
For we of love have endless revenue;
And, if we grieve, 'tis not as infants do
That wake and find no mother in the night.

They put their little hands about, and weep
Because they find mere air, or but the bed
Whereon they lie; but we may rest, instead,
For ever on His bosom, Who doth keep
Our lives alike safe when we wake or sleep.

And lo! all round us gleam the angelic bands,
Swift messengers of Providence all wise,
With frowning brows, perhaps, for their disguise;
But with what springs of love within the eyes,
And what strong rescue hidden in the hands!

And our lives may in glory move along,
First holy-white, and then with goodness fair
For our dear Lord to see! the keenest thong
Of all that whips us, welcome; and the air
Our spirits breathe, self-shaped into a song.

"TWO SOMEBODIES."

BY FLORENCE E. BURCH, AUTHOR OF "THE LESSON MISS LORRIMER LEARNT," ETC.

"WHAT a nuisance!" ejaculated Herbert Woolstenholme; and turning hastily, he slipped out unobserved into the artificial moonlight of the conservatory, and so away among the plants.

Herbert Woolstenholme was an ill-used man. He had come to Mrs. Annandale's "At Home" with a fixed determination, knowing that a certain moneyed *belle* of his acquaintance would be there. At the moment when he uttered that "What a nuisance!" he had just made the discovery that determinations are subject to more than one modifying condition, and that he had left out several factors in the stating of the problem he had set himself to solve.

Wandering moodily away among the plants, deeply wounded in the region of his vanity, his attention was suddenly aroused by a little joyous trill of song and the patter of light feet.

Turning quickly, irritated that his solitude should be disturbed, he caught the flutter of something white among the greenery. Next moment he was face to face with a golden-headed maiden of some six or seven years of age.

Herbert stood transfixed for a second, whilst the little maiden uttered an astonished and half-disappointed "Oh!"

"She curled herself up on the seat near him." *p.* 94.

"Were you singing to the fishes in the fountain there?" he asked her, playfully. "What is your name? 'Airy Fairy Lilian'?—or Fay?" But she shook her curls.

"My name is Dorothy," she answered soberly.

"Why did you leave off singing when you saw me?" inquired Herbert, suddenly forgetting that his mood demanded solitude.

"I thought it was somebody else," explained she, with a shy look in his face.

"And instead you found it was somebody *else*," said he,

amused to wonder how she would sift out his little play upon the words.

She looked up in his face again, half amused and half perplexed.

"Were you singing because you were so glad you thought that you heard 'somebody'?" asked Herbert, looking down in hers—a tired, wistful little face it appeared to him.

It was well on in the evening, and it seemed so strange for her to be there at that hour, and alone.

She came half a step nearer, and nodded. He spoke so kindly. Something made him do it, in spite of his cynical, hard self.

"It was lonely, being here all by yourself," he added, pityingly.

She nodded again.

"Ah! well," suggested he, insinuatingly, "perhaps it doesn't make so very much difference that it wasn't the right 'body' after all—since it is *some*body."

But she gravely shook her curls.

"I *know* the other somebody," said she; "and I don't know you."

A sudden idea seized Herbert.

"Come and make acquaintance," said he, seating himself. "I am lonely too, you see. Come and be my little sweetheart." And he made way invitingly for her.

But she shook her curls again.

"I can't be that," said she, demurely. "I'm not old enough. But I will come and make acquaintance if you like."

"Then come and make acquaintance," agreed Herbert, not without a certain sense of defeat, yet glad to accept the compromise. So she curled herself up on the seat near him, and in a few minutes they were chatting, as familiarly as if he had been that other "somebody."

She told him of her dolls, her lessons, and her little friends, with the beautiful ingenuousness of childhood, sparing him no detail that interested *her*. And he—pleasure-sated man of the world as he was—sat listening, oblivious of all save the innocent prattle that was making his heart young again, the while it showed him how old and empty it had grown.

For as she talked, there rose before his mind again the vision that once he used to cherish—of a home his own, with innocent-eyed children such as this sweet, guileless maiden, all about his knee, and a true woman's heart to beat in unison with his, and share his every joy. And in spirit he was smiting on his breast, a self-acknowledged sinner in God's sight, and conscious loser by his lost ideal.

A little tired yawn recalled him from his thoughts.

There comes a stage in a child's endurance when not even keenest interest can over-master sleepiness. Little Dorothy had reached that point.

Herbert Woolstenholme pulled out his watch. "But what are you doing here at this late hour?" said he; "a little one like you! This is not the hour when the fairies cull the roses for your cheeks. You ought to have been a-bed and fast asleep three hours ago."

"There was nobody to put me to bed," she answered, with a pathetic sigh. "I waited such a while, and even said my prayers; but Hatty did not come. I expect I've been forgotten," added she.

Forgotten!

Ah! the little ones whom the Christ took on His knee. How can we forget them so?

"But there's Hatty calling me," she added, springing up. "I am so glad." Then she stopped short, holding out her tiny hand. "Only," she added, "I am so sorry to leave you here alone, when you have been so kind to me."

Ah! she did not leave him alone. She left her pure, sweet influence with him; for in that half-hour the purpose which had brought him to fashionable Mrs. Annandale's "At Home" had faded clean out of his mind, and he was an ill-used man no more. What had the gaining or the losing of a dowried bride to do with the realisation of that vision of old?

* * * * * *

Two years later Herbert Woolstenholme was seated once more near the oleanders and the palms in the artificial moonlight of that conservatory, whilst a gay company filled the drawing-room within.

A sweet-faced woman sat by him, and they were talking of happiness to come, and how they would make it shine upon the lives of little forgotten ones—to their own happiness.

Suddenly a joyous trill of song, a sound of lightsome feet, a flash of white, and Dorothy appears.

"*Two* somebodies!" says she. "I gave you warning though, because I know it startles 'somebodies' to be surprised; and auntie's heart is very much affected, so I heard my Uncle Toby say."

"It's time you were a-bed," says future Uncle Herbert, drawing her on to his knee. But he does not seem in any hurry to be rid of her.

THE CROSS MOTHER.

AT no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold her arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue, weariness of body and mind, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings, and repels loving attentions, with her irritable, hasty words. Of course, she does not intend to do so, for in calmer moments no one may be kinder-hearted.

Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired and exhausted. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's lives. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed, and we all agree that "Prevention is better than cure."

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked; it made me cross," and she considers that a sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears, and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies close at hand. Let the mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened; too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economising at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT makes this face so beautiful, that face so ugly? It is not all a secret. The two great laws of face-making are that beauty comes from within outwards, and that each face represents not merely its own "within," but also that of ancestors. The two laws are really one, the second being but the extension of the first.

Looking on fine faces, we admire three things—features, colour, and expression. The features, these forms of brow and nose and chin, are bequests, coming often from far ancestors; our colours, too, are in the main bequests, depending on the quality of tissue and of blood our more immediate parents give us; but *expression* is very largely our own affair. And even with good features and the clearest colours, expression is "the best part of the beauty, that which a picture cannot give—no, nor the first sight of life." The play of thought and will and feeling on the face—of noble thoughts, firm self-control, and pure, unselfish, gentle feelings—we can ourselves secure if so we will. Ten years of habit—three years, or only one, will affect expression much. Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at forty;" and another, "that no woman has a right to be ugly, because she has had all her life in which to grow beautiful."

That is to say, life's opportunities of nobleness, or even forty years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming through to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings of the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, pure shinings of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours, and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage, either, but only habitual goodness and graciousness within; and this *will* give them all.

"Her face was pinched and pale and thin,
But splendour struck it from within."

"Splendour from within"! It is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendour *without.* Trust that inevitable law of self-expression. *Be,* not seem! Be *to* seem! Be beautiful, and you will by-and-by seem so. Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robing-room, the sculptor's workshop. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul—the face catches the glow only from that side. It is the spirit's beauty that makes the best face, even for the evening's company; and spiritual beauty is the only beauty that outlasts the work and wear and pain of life. Socrates' prayer was: "Grant me to become beautiful in the inner man; and that whatever outward things I have may be in harmony with those within!"

To have beauty is to have added privilege of blessing. There are faces that act on us like battle hymns and trumpet calls, like still waters and green fields. They inspire, they shame, they purify us to look at them. "In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said Bunsen, gazing up into his wife's eyes just before he died.

Some eyes are organised spirituality: they bring heaven's thoughts to the simplest or the roughest. "The peace of God that passeth understanding" translates itself through them. A young girl often met a certain old Quaker lady, and one day, acting on a sudden impulse, she turned and said, "Won't you let me kiss you?" "Yes, dear, certainly." The friendship thus beginning ripened; and then the maiden, recalling the quaint first moment of it, asked, "Weren't you surprised that time when I asked you to let me kiss you?" "Oh, no, dear," was the answer; "people *often* ask me that."

Have you never met upon the street the face which Bacon speaks of—"a face as of one who pities men"? or seen in a girl's fresh morning eyes

"The look of one who bears away
Glad tidings from the hills of day"?

Or, best of all, beheld

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel-books"?

Even the Christ-face never fully satisfies; yet it sometimes is a gospel in itself, calling men and women to reverence, and children to love.

W. C. GANNETT.

Hints for Busy Housewives.

SUMMER DIET.—Take care as summer approaches to keep an inviting table, giving old and young plenty of fruit and vegetables. It is better to pay a little extra for such things than spend a month in nursing, besides paying a doctor's bill. Remember that a tumbler of milk with an egg beaten in it, followed by an orange, baked apples, or a saucer of prunes, is a hearty breakfast for a child, so do not worry if the youngsters will not eat bread or meat at this season. As the sunny weather continues, and they can spend half the day out of doors, you will find your bread duly appreciated.

Sponge Cake.—Six eggs; the weight of six eggs in sugar, and the weight of four in flour, with lemon extract, or a little grated lemon peel; a little salt, and a spoonful of baking-powder.

A Cure for Freckles.—Here is as simple and harmless a remedy for these facial disfigurements as one could possibly desire: Take half an ounce of lemon juice, strain it, and add to it half a pint of rose water; shake both together well. Use as a lotion two or three times a day, and, if possible, allow it to dry on.

Cream.—As an antidote for consumptive tendency cream acts like a charm, to be used instead of cod-liver oil. Also aged people, invalids, and those whose power of digestion is feeble, or who suffer from dullness, as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities.

Shining Floors.—Skimmed milk makes hard wood and stained floors and oilcloth look shiny. A woollen cloth should be used to wipe up the floor.

Umbrellas can now be had with adjustable handles, for travelling purposes. The handle is unscrewed when necessary, leaving the umbrella none too long for a medium sized trunk.

Tablecloths break first in the middle where two folds cross. When this occurs it is a good plan to transfer to such a place a centre cut from an old napkin and to darn the edges without turning. Such a patch cannot be noticed if it is neatly done, and it is worth while saving a good cloth.

Useful Shelves.—A simple but very useful little contrivance in a room where space is valuable is a hinged shelf of polished wood, fitted to the sill of each window. These hang against the wall, and when a person wants a specially good light or exclusive room for some piece of work, they are lifted, braced in place, and prove a decided convenience.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

IT is surprising to note how quickly the designs of dress skirts are changing. The plain skirt, so easy to make and so neat-looking, is fast becoming a thing of the past. Fortunately, we can please ourselves as to how much or how little of the fashion we adopt, the extreme of which is never desirable. Some of the dresses now being shown have the bottom of the skirt cut up, tabs or scallops about twelve inches deep opening over silk or velvet or fancy material. Another style has a plain under-skirt of fancy stuff, over which a tunic is arranged in a deep point, reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and falling in full points at the back. Robed fronts are also being made, with puffs, flounces, or a plain piece of figured or broché silk edged with a lapel on either side. Dress bodies are finished with a broad collar or shoulder cape, or with large revers faced with silk; indeed, there is a great tendency to adopt trimmings that tend to widen the shoulders, this idea being carried out to a ridiculous extent in some quarters. Sleeves are still worn very full, but do not rise above the shoulders.

Fig. 21.

Bonnets are worn very small and airy, jet ornaments being greatly in demand.

Fig. 21. Here we show a lady's dress, the skirt of which is made in box-pleats which go the entire length of the skirt. It will take about four widths of double-width stuff, and is arranged over a foundation lining. The pleats are close together at the waist, but fall wider apart towards the bottom of the skirt. It will be necessary to secure the pleats with a tape sewn on the inside of the skirt, and also to press them well before mounting them on the foundation. The body has a full plastron of material, with a Zouave jacket and sleeves of velvet. The pleated waistband mounted on muslin is fastened at the back with a bow. The collar is also pleated over a band of stiff muslin.

Fig. 22.

Fig. 22. This depicts a blouse bodice, for which any soft material can be used, or cotton, if desired. It is made over a fitting lining and is gathered full at the neck. A shoulder frill about nine inches wide is used, being gathered in the shape of a round collar at the back and brought down to the waist in front. This frill can be trimmed with bands of contrast material or of narrow ribbon. A basque is formed by a frill about four inches deep, set on at the lower edge of the bodice. The pointed waistband is loose, and the collar is a band of the ordinary width.

Fig. 23.

Fig. 23. Here is represented a paletot or coat suitable for a little girl from four to six years of age. It is set on to a yoke in gathers, both in the centre of the back and also at the front. It will not be necessary to line the coat throughout for wearing at this season of the year, but the sleeves must be lined in order to make it set well. The collar frills and also the collar are trimmed with a fancy braid, or a ruche of narrow ribbon will make a pretty finish. There are some soft shades in green habit cloth, thin and light, which will answer admirably for a coat of this kind. A little close-fitting bonnet could also be made of the same material, to be worn in change with a sun bonnet or hat. Two to three yards of cloth will be required for this pretty little garment.

Fig. 24. This illustration shows one of the new draped skirts, the costume being completed by a sleeveless mantelet. As will be seen, the material for the skirt is brought over on the left side and laid in pleats. The mantelet is made of the same stuff as the skirt, and is tight-fitting, having a full basque. Two deep epaulettes are set into the arm-hole, and fall over the dress sleeve. The waistband is of black satin ribbon, and the neck opening has the ribbon laid in three box-pleats at the back and in long loops in front to correspond with those at the waist. The mantelet fastens down the centre with hooks under a frill of the material. There are a great variety of narrow trimmings being shown in all colours, which will answer for a costume. The prices are from 2¾d. to 6¾d. per yard.

Fig. 24.

Flat Patterns can be supplied. Figs. 21, 22, and 23, 6½d. each. Fig. 24, skirt and mantelet, 6½d. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.